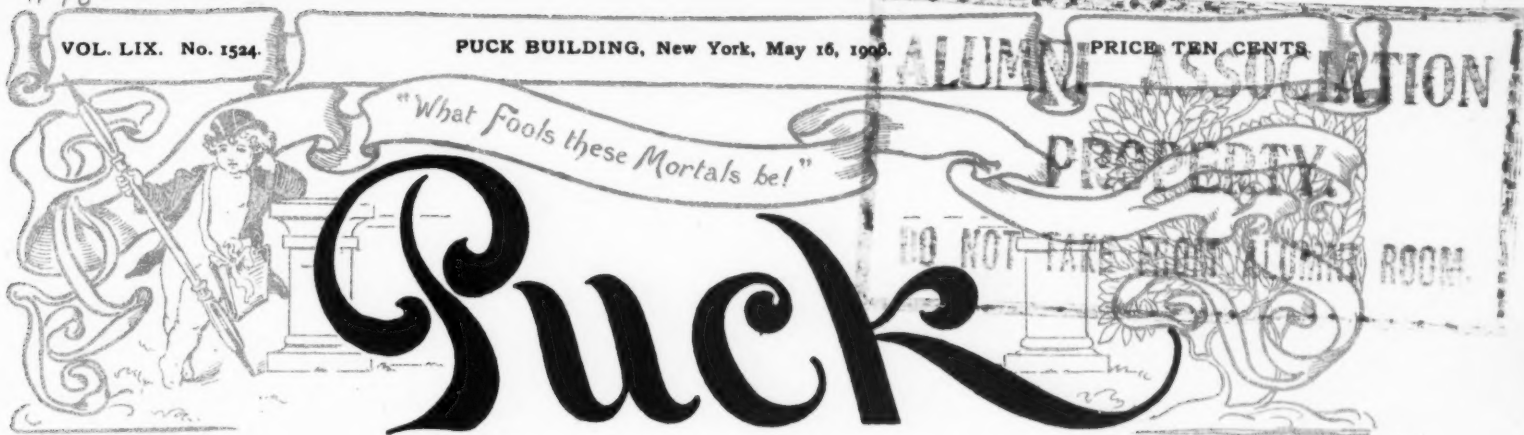


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P96

VOL. LIX. No. 1524.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 16, 1906.

PRICE TEN CENTS



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"KILLED IN COMMITTEE."



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1524. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1906
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

"OUR DUTY to the Filipinos," brethren, is to take it off.

THE PUBLIC DEBT increased \$2,789,808 during the month of April.
The answer is, Build battleships.

AN INDIANA correspondent inquires: Where is Chauncey Depew at? Nobody knows—including Chauncey.

MR. TAFT says, in regard to the Philippines, "the pendulum must swing in favor of the islands and prosperity must come." Nevertheless, some complacent tobacco and beet sugar gentlemen are confident that they have stopped the clock.

ANARCHISM in the White House is the most perilous anarchism that ever has threatened our country.—*Chancellor Day of Syracuse University.*

What a relief to turn from anarchism in the White House and contemplate conservatism, safe, sane and sweet, at 26 Broadway!

AFTER HIS term in the Senate is up, Senator Clark will devote himself to "the development and expansion of the great industrial enterprises" he has on hand. Perhaps he will also add a tower or so to his poem of a house on Fifth Avenue.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been sitting for a portrait. You would n't believe he could keep quiet long enough, would you?

WE ARE a great and prosperous nation.—*Secretary Taft.*

Seems as if, Bill, we had heard that before.

MAYOR FITZGERALD of Boston plans to establish a publicity bureau to make his town better known. How *could* it be better known? What Mike Kelly did once for it, Tom Lawson is doing now.

COUNT BONI DE CASTELLANE has, among his infuriated creditors, a man whom he owes a hat bill of \$12,000. This is perhaps the first time on record when "mad as a hatter" means what it says.

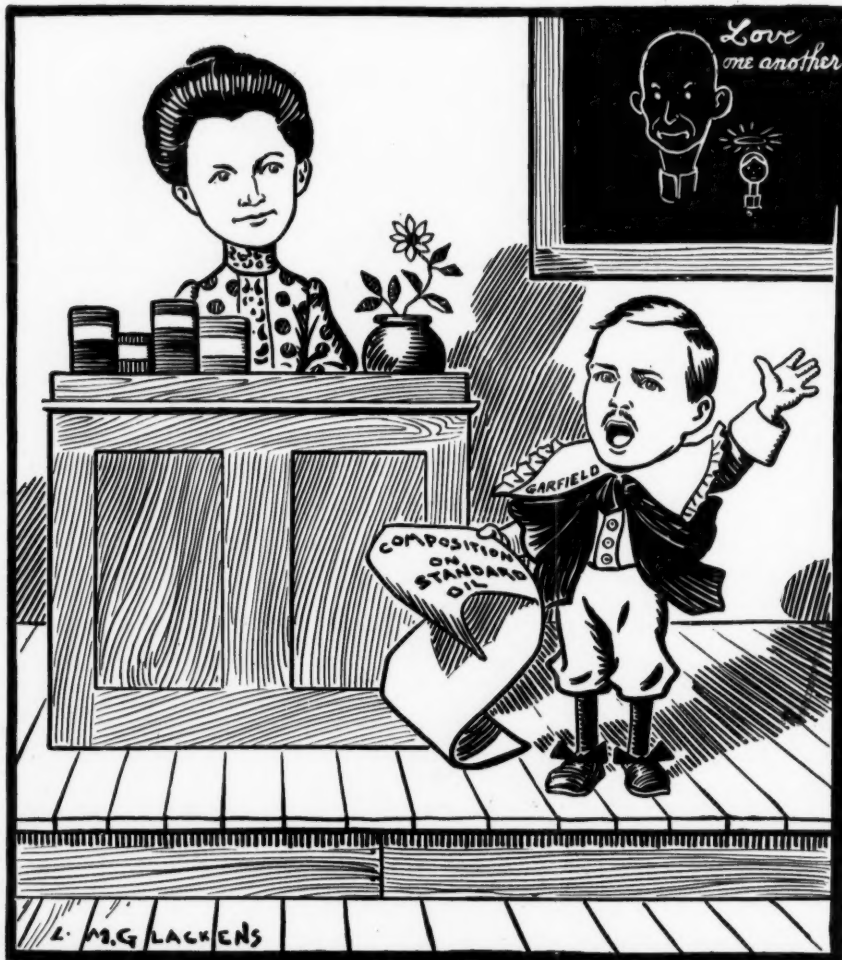
PERSUASION is a word in frequent use. For instance, it is "persuasion" when a striking mob hurls bricks at a working scab. Further, we learn that it is by "persuasion" that the Pennsylvania

Railroad keeps a uniform coal tariff in force to tide-water, the other roads being "persuaded" to charge no lower rate than the Pennsylvania itself imposes. Take down your dictionary, please, and look for the meaning of persuasion. There it is. What an old-fashioned definition!

LOCAL NEWS.—James Gordon Bennett of Paris Saturdayed in our midst. Mr. Bennett is the proprietor of our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*. Come again, Jim, when you can stay longer.

THOSE REFERENCES to "the new Bryan" and to "Bryan, the conservative" are a trifle premature. Engaged as he is in globe-trotting, Mr. Bryan is possibly unaware both of his newness and his conservatism.

SPEAKER CANNON, who has turned 70, says he'd be glad to live to the age of Methuselah if he could continue useful. But wouldn't standing pat all those years get rather tiresome?



TEACHER'S PET.

MISS TARBELL.—James is an exceedingly bright boy.

PUCK

THE LOVES OF TEDDY.

"He [Roosevelt] loves solitude, and he loves to be in the thick of the fight."—JOHN BURROUGHS.

HE LOVES the pleasure of the pathless woods;
He loves the rapture of a shore that's lonely;
He loves society where none intrudes—
But not that only.

He also loves the thickest of the fight,
Yearns for the big bass drum and loves to whack it.
All kinds of uproar fill him with de-light—
He loves a racket.

He loves a solitude, he loves a din;
But best he loves—played on his private tuba—
A union of the two, as set forth in
"Alone In Cuba." B. L. T.



BEST-SELLING.

PRESENT-DAY METHODS OF MAKING LITERATURE.

NOVELISTS are made, not born. Whatever may be the nature of the darling of the Muses, or, for that matter, the writer of the days of quills and ink pots, in this typewriting age it is the novelist managed by an up-to-date advertising publisher, with a corps of energetic drummers, who climbs Parnassus or goes wading in Pac-tolus. Literature is purely a strong publicity campaign, backed up by hustling. A cross section from the itinerary of one of the best literature-makers in the business is more eloquent than disputation.

FRESHLEY SPIELER, erstwhile "star" drummer for the NOBBY BOOT COMPANY but secured at an enormous increase of salary by

GOBBS-STERRILL, publishers of popular fiction, on making Buffalo calls at the department store of PUSHEM, HARDE & LONG. He corners Harde, the book purchaser of the establishment, and opening his sample case of "dummies," extols the GOBBS-STERRILL goods.

"You have n't had an opportunity to look over GOBBS-STERRILL'S Spring line?" asks FRESHLEY SPIELER with proper glibness and gen-ality.

"It's a hummer—the best GOBBS-STERRILL has ever put out, and you know what that means—the eight best books on the market. Yes, that is smaller than our usual line—but our policy this year is quality not quantity—and we intend to push every book to the limit—all eight will get in the six best-sellers, or I'm no fortune-teller. I never was so enthusi-astic over a line, and I've read all the books.



RUBBER-TIRED.

"Here 's our leader—THE YELLOW BUBBLE. Have enough juveniles? It is n't a kid's book—it's a motoring story—they're the sellers—everyone nowadays owns a machine or has a friend who does—and they all read auto tales.

"Only five hundred advance copies—that won't last you a day with our big window display in action—McSPLURGE of Chicago ordered five thousand when he heard of our publicity feature. When we make our showing for THE YELLOW BUBBLE in this city, we set up in your big street window, filled with YELLOW BUBBLES, a 60-horse-power yellow touring car, fixed on rollers, so that it can speed an actual ninety miles an hour in front of the crowd—with a real chauffeur and lady automobilists in leather coats and goggles—and wind-blasts blowing a gale—the whole busi-ness looks like a cup race—five thousand—I thought so!"

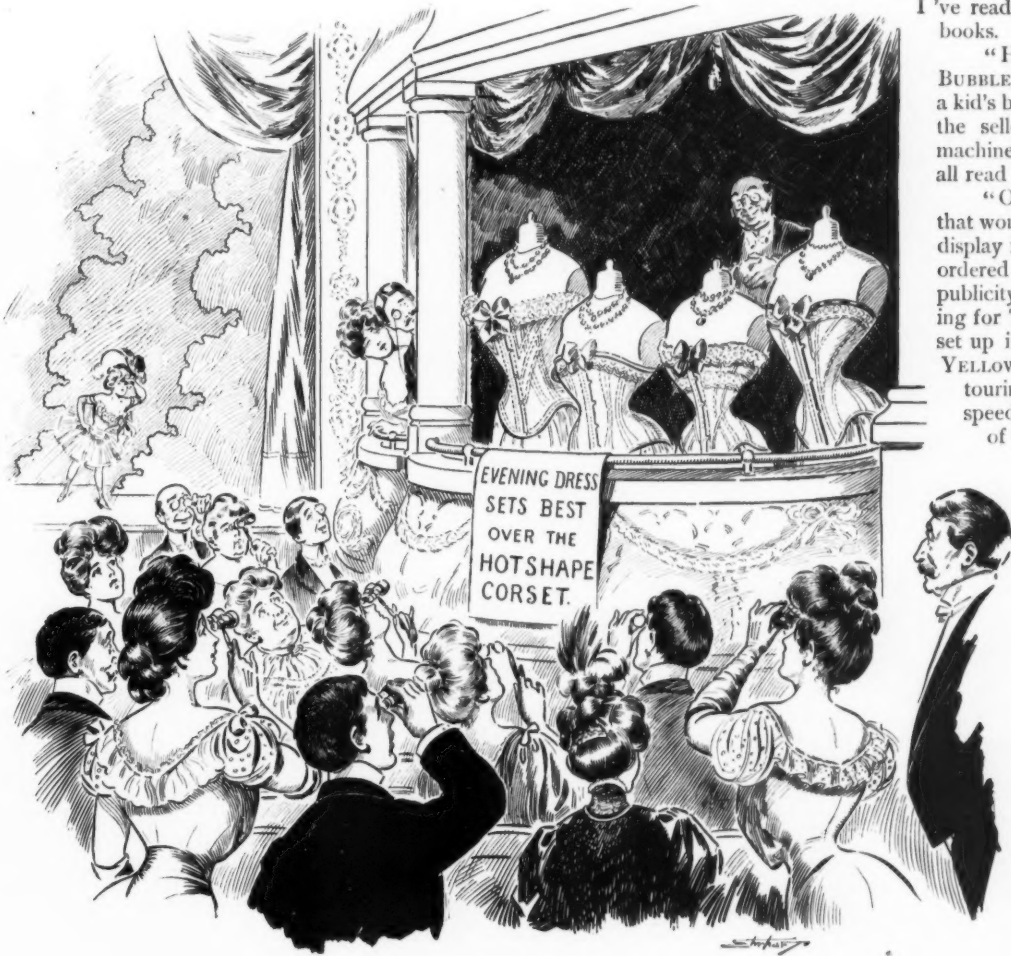
Robert Rinehart.

HITS AND MISSES.

DAN CUPID is a marksman bold,
His arrows tipped with kisses,
And though the rogue is growing old,
Dan Cupid is a marksman bold;
For when he hits the mark, behold!
'T is then he makes the Mrs.
Dan Cupid is a marksman bold,
His arrows tipped with kisses.

IT'S COMING.

"I HAD to get rid of that red-headed girl."
"Was n't she capable?"
"Oh, yes; but she insisted on being referred to as the type-lady."



A TIP TO THE TRADE.

THE RESOURCEFUL CORSET MANUFACTURER.—Talk about your advertising schemes! This theater-box game of mine beats your bill-boards all hollow for publicity!

Such is the power of suggestion that the more gingerly a scandal is handled, in print, the spicier it becomes.

PUCK

EVOLUTION.

"W E HAPPENED to think, the other day, of the word 'pabulum,' and utilized it in a leader which we were writing," said the able editor of the Pettyville *Plainealer*, addressing the equally able editor of the Allegash *Agitator*, who had dropped in for a chat on matters journalistic. "The compositor set it up 'pendulum'; our wife, who was reading proof, attempted to change it to 'publium', and it finally came out 'padlum.' And we guess it was just about as effective in that guise as it would have been in its original form. At any rate, Lester Suggs, the village wag, has won several cigars from drummers and others by betting that there is such a word as 'padlum,' and proving it by producing the paper; the Hon. Thomas Rott used it in an address to the Y. M. C. A., to considerable applause—he denounced all persons who were willing to give the organization their moral support but withheld their financial backing as 'innocuous padlums'; we have won some little reputation for eruditeness by when impor-



NURSERY PERILS.

NO, THIS IS NOT A BAND OF FRIGHTFUL OGRES; IT IS MERELY UNCLE GEORGE, AS THE BABY SEES HIM.

tuned to do so, defining the word right off the griddle; and we understand that Dr. Snaffles, the horse physician, is utilizing it in his practice as either a remedy or a disease, and we are not certain which. We hardly think that 'pabulum' would have raised even a ripple if it had come up in its proper person."

SURGERY.

MEDICAL STUDENT.—What did you operate on that man for?
 EMINENT SURGEON.—Five hundred dollars.
 "I mean, what did he have?"
 "Five hundred dollars."

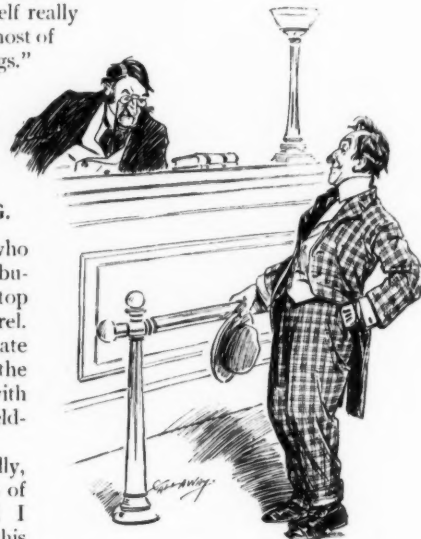
INCIDENTALS.

"THIS BILL for your new frock is really a bit high," observes the plutocrat to his daughter. "Six thousand dollars is considerable to pay just for an auto suit."

"But, papa, the suit itself really is quite inexpensive. The most of that bill is for the trimmings."

"Trimmings?"

"Yes. I spent \$5,200 for an auto of the right tint to match the suit."



THE STINGER STUNG.

THE FAIR little mosquito who aspired to become a debutante, rose gracefully to the top of the iron-bound water barrel. She put forth her delicate hand but discovered that the water was roofed over with a layer of thick and unyielding oil.

"Alas," she cried woefully, sinking back to the depths of the greenish water, "and I did so want to come out this season, too!"

GIVING HIS FULL NAME.



THE SOLDIER'S MONUMENT

ALBERT LEVERING

Dear Stella—we can see the Soldier's Monument from our window in the American House — George and Lizzie

PUCK'S SOUVENIR POSTALS.

CAREFULLY DESIGNED FOR ANYOLD TOWN AND GUARANTEED TO FIT.



A LITTLE SURPRISE IN UTAH.

HIS OTHER WIVES.—This makes your fifth wedding trip, Pa; and as we've had only one apiece, we thought we'd come along with you and Tootsie-wootsie.

PATENT MEDICYNICISMS.

How patent medicinal days,
You're gradually growing shorter,
And moribund is now the craze
Of "80 doses for a quarter."
We are the "Cured by Scampherb" folks,
As such we merit some attention;
We are "Before" and "After" jokes,
We are too humorous to mention.

How often in the daily prints
We patent medicintillated!
How often, oh how often since
The day of Liddy Blink'em dated!
At fifty cents one agate inch
The papers had (next to pure matter)
A lead pipe patentmedicinich
On printing our "Perusa" patter.

The wages of pat. medicin
Is death, according to the sages
Also, *ad. naus.* and *ad. infin.*,
Pat. medicine gets most the wages.
Ah, well, the patent's running out;
The ranks of devotees are thinning—
An army that was, past a doubt,
More medicined against than sinning.

Franklin P. Adams.

RARE-BITS OF HISTORY.

AS GOLIATH sank to the earth a great shout of exultation went up from the Israelites.

"A knockout! A knock-out!" cried they, "Hurray for Kid Davy, the son of Jesse!"

Over in the Philistine's corner a glum crowd gathered around the fallen champion. When Goliath heard the cheers for David his lips moved as if to speak. The scribes, with their mallets and chisels, stretched their necks forward, in an effort to hack verbatim the last words of the dying man on their slabs of stone, and forward them, upon a week's notice, by chariots to their respective yearlies on newspaper row.

"I—I—" gasped Goliath, in a voice scarcely audible and trembling from weakness.

Whack! whack! went the mallets of the scribes on their tablets.

"I—w-want—it—d-dis-tinct-ly (whack, whack)—un-der-

s-stood that—I—am—s-still—the—heavy-weight—champion (whackety-whack). He—is—a—feather-weight. If—I—had—trained—down—he—would—have—missed—me—by—a—block. (Whack-whackety-whack-whack). We fought o—out—of—class—and—there—can—be—no—decision. I—I—" but poor Goliath's breath was gone.

His arms fell helplessly at his side, breaking eight ribs of a forerunner of Hippocrates, who was holding up his head with a jack-screw, and the mighty gladiator had cashed in his checks.



JUST THE PLACE.

HAMMOND RANTOR (*reading*).—It is impossible, it says here, to keep eggs in Honduras for over two days.

THADDEUS THESPIAN.—Zounds! I wish we opened in Honduras to-morrow instead of in Bridgeport.

The easiest way to reach the top is to get in on the ground floor.



PLANNING THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

PUCK

The Way of the World.

THE RIVAL IMPRESARIOS.



A MERRY operatic war
Is promised for next season.
Heinrich is out for Oscar's gore,
And Oscar's howling "Treason!"

And we shall sit, who have the rocks,
And watch the fun. (Of course you
Have picked a gold-upholstered box
In either golden horseshoe.)

What wonders we shall hear and see!
'T will dazzle and amaze.
The operatic sky will be
With shooting stars ablaze.

Right merrily we'll disagree—
We could not fail to do so.—
On "Does Caruso beat Bonci
Or Bonci beat Caruso?"

Oh, it will cost a pretty bill,
This two-ringed opera circus;
And Hammerstein and Conried will
For every dollar work us.

The merry war between the rival impresarios waxeth merrier with the passing weeks. Herr Hammerstein announces that he has signed Perry Belmont, J. P. Morgan and the Drexels for his horseshoe, while Herr Conried triumphantly points to the Vanderbilts and Astors. Opera-goers desiring the worth of their money will wait for the completed lists of box-holders before purchasing season tickets.

What strikes one book reviewer as remarkable in "The Princess Olga" is the number and variety of things which the characters do with their eyes, such as: "He held his eyes at her throat," and "He probed her eyes." But they all fall short of Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

That great demonstration in London last night in honor of Ellen Terry's



POSSIBLY.

STRANGER (At Polecat Point).— Boy, can you tell me where old Farmer Cornshack lives?

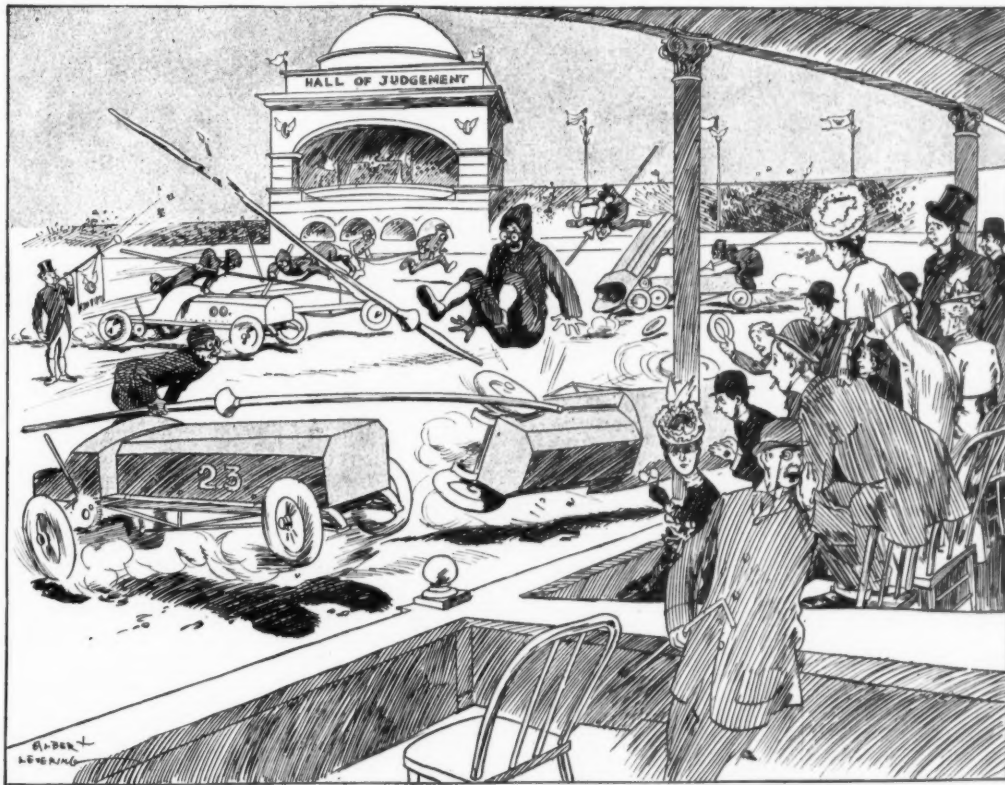
BOY.— He's dead!

STRANGER.— Dead! Why, I've come all the way from Boston to visit him!

BOY.— He must have been expectin' yer, I guess.

fiftieth anniversary on the stage exemplifies a peculiar characteristic of the English people—their devotion to the familiar.—*The Sun*.

To all who have served faithfully. In this country we toss 'em aside when they have outlived their usefulness. This was the secret of the success of a certain famous merchant prince.



SUMMER DIVERSION FOR SOCIETY.

MEETING OF THE MOTOR-KNIGHTS IN THE LISTS AT NEWPORT.

According to Jack Loudon, journalism is something printed in a newspaper and literature is something printed in a book. The error is quite common.

Since *The Sun's* indictment of the French Government a week ago its policy has been completely reversed.—*The Sun*.

Talk about the "power of the press!" At least 10,000 H. P. in this case.

Attempts of newspaper "artists" to picture what would happen to New York if a severe earthquake happened along, remind us forcibly that Gustave Doré was a big man.

"Is the earth becoming unsafe?" asks an alarmed contemporary. Suppose that it is: what are we going to do about it? Anybody know of a safer place?

Conried promises to go Hammerstein one better. In other words, he will pile Pelion on Oscar.

B. L. T.

The cranks of one age are the prophets of the next, provided they die in the meanwhile.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A CASE FOR CAREFUL

PUCK

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



CAREFUL NAVIGATION.

PUCK

THE GREAT POST CARD CRAZE.

"THE great post card craze of olden times," some venerable man may be expected, at a very considerably subsequent date, to say, "reached its zenith in the year 1906. I recollect hearing my grandfather tell, with many waggings of his white head, of its ravages. It had its inception, I believe, some years before that date, in Germany, spread to Great Britain, and later to the United States. In the older countries it seems not to have been especially virulent; but in America, where at that time anything was liable to be carried to an excess, the fad degenerated into a veritable orgy.



"The art of polite correspondence was almost lost, picture post cards practically usurping the place of letters. The comic post card, for the time being, almost eradicated the American sense of humor, its unfortunate victims deteriorating by degrees until they could enjoy nothing but the colored supplements of the Sunday papers. In natural progression the comic card passed from its original insipid innocuousness to scurrility, and the recipient gradually lost all dignity and self-respect; so used was he to receiving insults by mail that at last he supinely accepted them by word of mouth. Even in the erstwhile chivalrous and hectic Southland — with the exception, I am pleased to say, of the Grand Old Commonwealth of Arkansas, where but few post cards ever penetrated, and where even to this day a fight may always be had without any particular provocation — resentment for aspersions and calumny practically ceased, and honor was no longer an excuse for killing anybody.

"Intelligence rapidly declined in the outlying communities, the honest agriculturists preferring to look at pictures to reading of events. They practically ceased subscribing for magazines and papers, and many worthy publishers in Augusta, Maine, went over the hill to the poor-house. Rural mail-carriers were so delayed by overwhelming loads of cards that they had no time to linger, and thus the current gossip was sadly curtailed. Everywhere was felt the effects of the pestilence. Steamship lines went into bankruptcy because economical persons stayed at home and viewed foreign lands by post cards. The Alps and the Holy Land were the scenes of many suicides, hypercritical tourists frequently jumping off from Mt. Blanc or into the River Jordan because the realities were not as picturesque as the colored counterfeits they had seen at home.

"Eventually the fad began to decline, and in the latter part of — er-ah! — I believe it was 1907, it withered away entirely, and peace and horse-sense resumed their sway."

Tom P. Morgan.

DUN.

"A DUN SKY brings up the thought of death!"
"Well, yes. I suppose it naturally reminds us of the debt we owe to nature."

DIGNITY is a convenient thing with which to compliment deserving dullness.



(Illustration by our Office Boy.)

GETTING EVEN.

MISS JOHNSING.—So Melindy threw Jim over and married Sam. Did Jim give dem a weddin' present?

MISS JACKSING.—Yes; he sent her a flat-iron an' a rollin' pin to biff Sam over de head wif!

WHY THEY ARE WATERY.

WHO fixes up his stocks and bonds,
To take the rabble in,
Infuses water, this to make
Them nice to dabble in.

THE CIRCUS.

KICKER.—Don't you think that auto feat is thrilling?

BOCKER.—Huh! For real bravery they should have a pedestrian under it when it comes down.



GORDON GRANT
406

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED, for light housekeeping, a neat, willing American girl, able to do plain cooking; good home to right party; answer this evening in person only. ARDENT.

PUCK

THE GREETING.



"TICK, TICK," says the clock
Up above me on the wall,
"Time is going, past recall.
Why let old friend Duty knock
And not open up the door?
Or has Duty called before
And been told to call again?
Must she ever knock in vain?"

"Tick, tick." "Yes, I hear,
But I'm busy now, you see—

Go away, don't bother me;
Come around again next year
When I have more time to spare.
What? It's Chance that's knocking there?
Come right in; why, howdy do?
I've been long expecting you!"

Charles E. Nettleton.

A PREHENSILE SEER.

"I SEES, by de bumps on yo' son's cornucopia and de gen'l cut of his escutcheon," solemnly said the fortune teller after he had inserted the remuneration into his vest pocket, "dat he will never elucidate in de Penitench'y."

"Bless de Lawd!" gratefully ejaculated the fond parent of the subject of the prognostication.

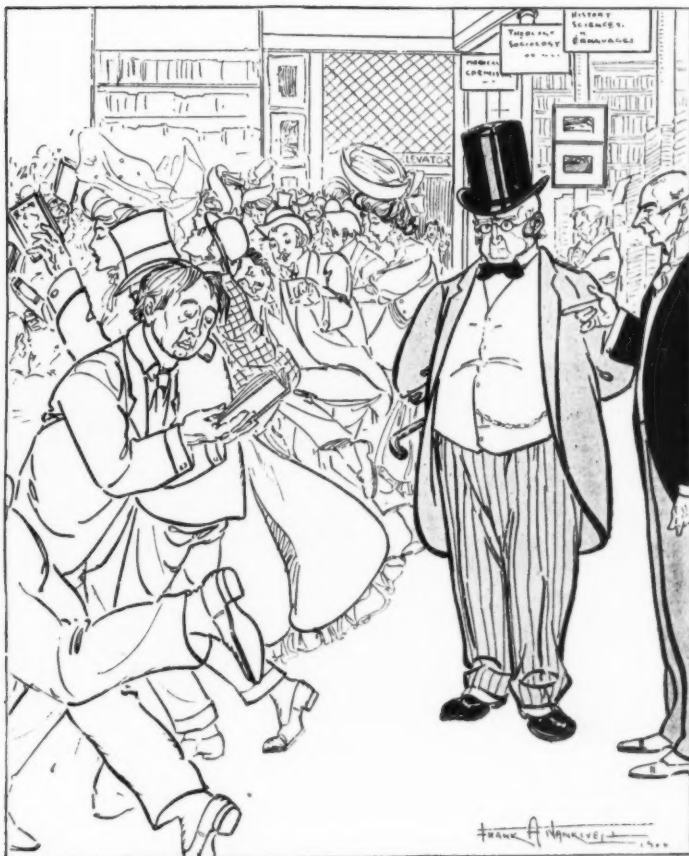
"Nussah!—and, uh-kaze why—" proceeded the seer, relentlessly. "He's sho'ly gwine to be took out and hung befo' he gits dar; dat's why! It's written in de stars, and is as unquenchable as de laws of dem dar Pedes and Mersians—dat is, sah, less 'n yo' opens up yo' liberality and 'sociates about a quawtah wid dis yuh little old paltry haffer-dollah dat yo' done jewed me down to for peerin' into de future."



THE NINE MEWSES.

IS IT because a man is better late than never that the average woman would rather be a widow than an old maid?

IN THE REALM OF ENGLISH LITRACHOOR.



I.

THE BOOK-WORM.—What is that book on the table around which the mob is scrambling?

DEPARTMENT STORE CLERK.—That is a special de luxe edition of "Some Sparklers I Have Hooked" by Gumshoe Bill, the celebrated sneak-thief.



II.

THE BOOK-WORM.—And this large pile of volumes, "reduced to 19 cents," which attracts no notice?

DEPARTMENT STORE CLERK.—Oh, they're things by some people named Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens and a lot of others that I don't remember.

NO STROPPING
SAFETY RAZOR
NO HONING
CLASP
NO HONING
12 BLADES
SURE
NO STROPPING
NO HONING
NO WAITING

Shaving is Saving if done with
"THE GILLETTE"

The razor that gives a cool, smooth, satisfying shave at home in four minutes.

12 Blades; 24 Perfect Edges

The wonderful blade that has changed the razor world.

Truthful letters from constant users tell of the marvelous tensile strength of these blades. Single blades have been used 30, 60 and up to 142 times.

SIMPLE AND DURABLE!

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades.....	\$ 5.00
Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades.....	10.00
Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades and mono-grain.....	12.00
Standard combination set with shaving brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders.....	7.50
Other combination sets in silver and gold up to.....	50.00
Standard packages of 10 blades, having 20 sharp edges, for sale by all dealers at the uniform price of.....	.50c

Sold by **Leading Drug, Cutlery and Hardware Dealers.**

Ask to see them and for our booklet. Write for our special trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY 1162 Times Building
New York City

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING.
NO HONING.

Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—
See back label!

That's All!

THE WRONG THING.

"Professor," said Mrs. Lyon-Hunter, "I want to present Mr. Bull. Professor Dumproser, Mr. Bull. The professor is the author of that learned treatise upon 'Genius: A Species of Insanity.'"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Bull, "charmed! Always delighted to meet a genius like you, sir."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

JUST THE THING.

"We're starting a circulating library for the use of the inmates," said the prison visitor. "Is there any particular book you'd like to make use of?"

"Why, yes," replied the convict. "If I could only use it right I'd like to have a railroad guide."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



COULD.

SAM.—Ah thought you done said dat horse could n't lose.

PETE.—So Ah did; but dat horse done developpe moh versatality dan Ah gib him credit foh.

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.

THOUGHT HE'D CAUGHT HER.

"The oldest plant used for food is asparagus," remarked the lady at the head of the boarding-house table.

"It's a lucky thing you introduced that word 'plant' into your statement," replied the thin man.

"Why so?" inquired the lady.

"Because I was just going to pass this egg up to you," came from the boarder who had the back of his head toward the egg.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AND FLOWER SEEDS.

PIGGMUS.—The spring issues of the magazines are wonderfully interesting, aren't they?

DISMUKES.—Yes; they have such a fine line of refrigerator advertisements.—*American Spectator.*

Most of the people who worry nightly about burglars have n't anything in the house that a self-respecting burglar would think it worth his while to steal.—*Somerville Journal.*

PUCK'S NOVEL AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

Can You Take a Joke?

And Illustrate It Humorously in a Photograph?

If you can, the first of PUCK'S Competitions, that for AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, will give you a practical opportunity. :: ::

PUCK OFFERS THE FOLLOWING PRIZES for the most effective photographic illustrations to the joke accompanying this announcement. :: :: :: ::

First Prize, - \$25.00

Second Prize, \$15.00

Third Prize: A Set of H. C. Bunner's Short Stories, Cloth (5 Volumes)

Fourth Prize: A Year's Subscription to PUCK.

THIS is a contest wholly different from the average photographic competition. We supply the subject—in this case, a dialogue—and you, with your camera, illustrate it. On the dress and make-up of the characters, on your posing of them, on their facial expression, and on the appropriateness of the background and accessories to the picture, which may be either indoor or outdoor, and in which as many figures may be introduced as is desired, your success as a competitor will depend.

The contest is now open. It will close September 1, 1906, as soon as possible after which date a decision will be rendered and the successful photographs reproduced in PUCK.

There are no burdensome conditions. It is not necessary to be a subscriber in order to be eligible. In competing, you are not limited to one photograph. Should you feel that a second attempt is better than a first, send the second along and it will be duly considered.

Photographs may be any size. This is strictly a contest for amateurs and by amateur we mean one who does not depend on photography for a livelihood.

PUCK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST No. 1

Subject for Competition:

A DIRECT SLAP AT PROVIDENCE.

FARMER BARNES.—Hannah, I jest bought one o' them barometers that tell ye when it's goin' to rain.

HIS WIFE (astounded).—That tell ye when it's goin' to rain! Why, I never heard of such extravagance! What'd you suppose the good Lord sent ye the rheumatiz for?

If mailed unmounted, do not fold or roll your photograph—send it flat. Address it to

THE ART EDITOR OF PUCK,
Puck Building, New York.

"WE may live without poetry,
music and art;
We may live without conscience,
and live without heart;
We may live without
friends;
We may live without
books;
BUT civilized man
cannot live without

COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY
Champagne

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bockman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

SUPPLY TOO LIMITED.
"I heard you had a cow for sale," began Subbubs, "and as I'm thinking of buying one for our little place—"
"Waal, sir," interrupted the farmer, eagerly, "thar 's thet Jarsey yonder. Now, thar 's one good pint in her thet you can depend on—"
"Oh gracious! that would never do. I'd need a quart, at least." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

HER POSITION.
NELL.—She talks a good deal about her grandmother's position in society.
BELLE.—Well, all her grandmother's positions were in society. She never engaged as cook with any but the swellest families. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

A KEEN THRUST.
"Well," said Gassway, "if there 's one thing I hate more than another it's a long winded bore."
"Yes," remarked Miss Knox. "It seems I've misjudged you, then."
"Why, how do you mean?"
"I always had an idea you were stuck on yourself." — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

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SOMETHING LIKE IT
MARRYAT.—Hello! old, man you're looking prosperous.
MUNNIMAN.—So I am. I'm in the leather business now. I tell you, there's nothing like leather—
MARRYAT.—Think so? Say! come up and take dinner with us to-night. My wife baked some pies for dessert. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

HIT 's er mighty pity dat dese yer awtumbels an' cigareet smokahs cain' smell deirse 'fs as oddahs smell 'em. — *Am. Spectator.*

"SHE turned you down?"
"No; showed me a way up."
"You mean—?"
"A stare." — *American Spectator.*

THE absurdity of the assertion that Americans generally eat too much is apparent when you stop to consider how many Americans there are who board. — *Somerv. Journal.*

Few things please the average man more than to receive a letter from the school-teacher and find five misspelled words in it. — *Somerville Journal.*

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UNHAPPY OUTLOOK.

You may prate of "filthy lucre,"
But when all is said and done,
If you haven't any money,
You can't have a lot of fun.

Is it strange, then, that this summer
Life should seem of joy bereft,
When the coal man first despoils us,
And the ice man takes what's left?
—Somerville Journal.

YOU KNOW THEM.

We know some men who want the earth,
But if they could impound it,
They'd start to kick for all they're
worth
And want a fence around it.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

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SOON.

MISTRESS.—Where are the table cloths and napkins, Bridget?

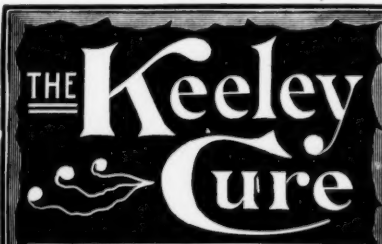
BRIDGET.—I jist sint thim down to the cook-ladies' headquarters to git the union label stamped on thim.

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters before meals is a wonderful appetizer.

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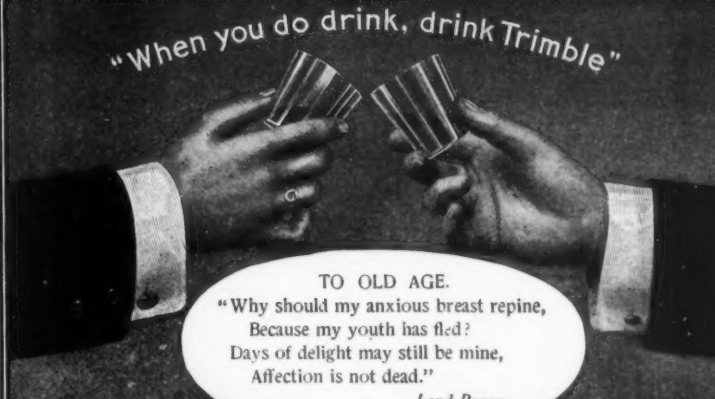
"You must n't play in the parlor,
Tommie," remonstrated the mother,
with her sleeves rolled up.

"Why, you let sister play here on
the piano," replied the small boy.

"Gracious, child! You don't call
that playing, do you?" — *Yonkers
Statesman*.

WHEN A woman rides in an automo-
bile for the first time, she lies awake
all night afterward thinking how she
can make her husband get one. The
next day she buys an automobile veil.
— *Somerville Journal*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



TO OLD AGE.
"Why should my anxious breast repine,
Because my youth has fled?
Days of delight may still be mine,
Affection is not dead."
— Lord Byron.

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Whiskey
Green Label.

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CONVENIENT NEIGHBOR.

THE DEEPSA COOK. — Jimmy, swim around and ask the sawfish
if he can come here and carve for me to-day. My knife is away being
sharpened.

A DIFFICULT ROLE.

"You ask me if I ever failed in any role I attempted," repeated the great
actor. "Yes, once when I tried to look like a sober man."

"Why," exclaimed his friend, "you are always sober. You never did drink,
did you?"

"No; but on this occasion I was taking two drunken friends home." —
Catholic Standard and Times.

WHEN a young woman has to put on glasses, it is the bounden duty of all her
friends to tell her that they are becoming. — *Somerville Journal*.

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club or dealer's
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"People will not understand that I
have my moments of grief, too," com-
plained Lowe Comedy. "It's most
annoying to have folks laugh at you
when you mean to be serious."

"I should think," replied Hi Tragedy,
"that you'd find it more annoying to
have them not laugh at you when you
mean to be funny." — *Catholic Standard
and Times*.

If people stopped to think about
everything they say, they would n't say
so much. And that would be a bless-
ing. — *Somerville Journal*.

Malt Gives Beer High Nutrition

Eight-Day Malt, Exclusive Product of
an American Brewery, Makes
the Richest Beer.

Malt is the life of beer. Our readers under-
stand, of course, that in brewing beer the first
thing to do is make the malt from which to
make the beer. The richer the malt the more
nutritious, the more wholesome the beer.
Pabst learned years ago that the forced method
of making malt in three or four days could not
possibly be accomplished without losing in
large degree the life-giving, strength-giving
elements of the barley. Most breweries use
this old process. It is quicker, easier and less
expensive. The Pabst way gives the full rich-
ness of the grain to the beer. It doubles the
expense of brewing, but it makes Pabst Beer
the leader of all beers.

Pabst Beer is the richest beer in actual food
value and strength-building elements because
it is made only with Pabst eight-day malt.
Careful test, practical experience in brewing
always with an eye single to the very best pro-
duct possible, has taught Pabst that malt made
of grain grown in this country must have eight
days in which to properly mature. Malt perfect
in nutritious elements can only be made by fol-
lowing the process of Nature without crowding,
and that is what Pabst does. He makes his own
malt by an exclusive eight-day process, double
the time and double the expense of the common
four-day method. This Pabst process gets all
the good out of the barley and into the malt.
No other process does.

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grows as naturally as it would if put in the
ground, moistened by the rain and warmed by
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day process there is no forced unnatural growth
that wastes food elements of the grain. The
result is a beer that has the greatest food value,
the greatest tonic value, yet is mild and pleas-
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purity and strength. This is Pabst Blue Ribbon
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